FAIR SURF BATHERS.

HOW THEY DISPORT THEMSELVES AT DIFFERENT RESORTS.

The Long Branch Girl Cares More for Horse Racing Than Sea Bathing—Decorous Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. Scenes and Incidents at Coney Island.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONG BRANCH, Aug. 11.—The Long Branch girl is bright and pretty, not so nautical as "horsy" and an indefatigable dancer. While the Newport and Narragansett girls fairly live on the sands and in the surf, the Long Branch girls go to the races and on lovely long rides and sit around in gorgeous gowns. One reason for this perhaps is that the beach is not so fine and there are fewer flirting places along the shore, and it is less of a custom to sit and chat under the welcome privacy of a big umbrella. True, the moon and stars—all lovers' friends—shine just as fair and the murmur of the waves is just as sweet and melancholy, but it isn't the fashion down here to sit around in cozy, dark places and tell pretty stories about eternal, undying love, perpetuated in some bright star where the two newly acquainted ones had known and loved each other aeons and eons ago. All the dark corners are monopolized by naughty married ladies and their husbands—or some other ones' husbands.

LONG BRANCH GIRL.

Long Branch girls have their regular hours for surf bathing, and this is generally done in rather a perfunctory way as a duty, a solemn one often at a gorgeous duty to their self. The beach here is narrow and the water deep, and bathing begins an inconvenient hour if one does not give one's full attention to the business of hand. The Atlantic waves destroy all sentiment as they catch a girl up and toll her over and over eight times.

The belles at Long Branch love their pleasant porches and easy chairs, after the plaza, where young romance is latched under an facial leaf into a life that leads from day to day to Sunday and perhaps a Monday. There comes to the greatest number of actresses and women who have husbands over last horse and who have to use a pass. Their romance generally consists of seeing and the third hand carved, round silver dollars transferred to the pocket of the dollar's owner is it paid. I am not very sure, but you bring your money in, and that is the chief incentive game.

When has not got a pocket full of money for a business at Long Branch, and an idle? Such a pocket is a mighty and treble error here, for a single row romance time and there is not so very little at Long Branch, very little in most single aspects. But Asbury Park and Ocean Grove and Cape May just to avoid it, particularly the two first named places. Where religion is there hymns, kisses, dances, and cold water are taboo, will several liquids does not drown him. I say this because love in these places is so positive an affair, is so very tangible and live that it is absolutely necessary to give him a sex, and we all know that love is he.

There are several kinds of roserie at these places, but never or hardly ever any that transgress the rules of propriety. There is the romance of the brotherly and sisterly nature of hearts in the elderly couples that sit around in lonely spots along the free smooth beach and recount their spiritual aspirations. and the more earthly but none the less pretty talk among the younger members of this great congregation. Sure, they are sweeter than they are at Newport, for they they have all the time a haunting sense of the rigid respectability of these places, which allow no downright courting that does not end in a call upon one or the other of the ministers who are thick as cheas. And so, well, after all, it is the same old story—two souls, etc., made miserable one way or another, but having a lovely time while moonlight sea breezes, the swish of the waves and the music of the band last.

The Cape May girls are mostly from the Quaker City, and they are prim, demure and sweet. No open throated sailor collars for them. Oh, my, no! Perhaps their neck aren't pretty. Perhaps also their legs are thin, and that is the reason why they are so very shy and modest. And perhaps also that is why the ministers at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park don't wear sinful bathing costumes with short legs and no sleeves, and also why the girls at those two places look upon romance as a serious thing.

AN OCEAN GROVE SPECIMEN.

The bathing suit is a modern mirror of truth. No man can hide his shortcomings in one any more than a girl can, and therefore it behooves the thin ones to be very modest and proper and do their bathing when no one is looking if they don't want to destroy their hopes for a romance forever.

But Coney Island is the place where romance flourishes. To be sure, it is not quite so refined as that which searches through the dim mists of the past to find a time when they were "velvet tigers, ribbed with yellow and black, supple and cushion footed," etc., for these young maids and youths are more apt to sit on the beach and throw sand at each other and handy words at each other. Here you will see a German girl, fair but flushed with sunshine and maybe beer, walking along in blissful unconsciousness of the crowds, holding a callow, beardless youth by the hand. She is dressed usually in a pretty enough gown and hat; he in rough, heavy shoes, a light derby hat four sizes too small and with a green woolen comforter around his neck. How happy they are! How perfectly oblivious of the rest of the world!

A CAPE MAY BEAUTY.

Two summers ago I was struck by a romance which was being enacted before me. A colored girl as black as ink, but well featured and well built, and two young men. The one who brought her hired her a chair, and then went off for some refreshments. While he was gone the other came and in hurried tones asked her to marry him. She hesitated a little, when he said, "I've got a razzer here if ye don't." So she said yes, and took his arm and walked off, and the other one came back with ginger ale and cakes to find her gone. Last week I saw the couple again. They were evidently married, and she appeared to be in delicate health, and he was very kind to her. After awhile I heard him say: "Ye feel better, don't ye, Julie? Ye've got a lively color since we come down!"

And she was as black as ever. The great dry goods stores of the city, and the factories, and the workshops send thousands of pretty girls Sundays and Saturday afternoons down to the island, and these they wander around by twos and threes, or with their chosen young men, with whom they are "keeping steady company."

CONEY ISLAND FAIRY.

The girls, poor children, dress in the cruelest little sailor or tennis costumes, chiefly, I suppose, because they never go or expect to go to sea or play tennis, and if they bathe—and they generally do—it is in clothes that are not suggestive of the garments worn by the bather in the "Black Crook." They go in for pure, invigorating, old made fun, and you will never see a Coney Island girl lying prone on the surface of the water in an antediluvian costume as you will in the higher priced places. She may be rough, coarse, loud in a mudcreaden, but can lift the flower of modesty beneath her breast and has not been appointed or killed by society.

It is very much the same thing everywhere. It is love in one form or other, according to the location and the social position of the person, and idealized by the phrases that would make a fool out of any one who had not, like Lucretius, lived five days ahead.

MAYE LEEDY.

The Beautiful Kanawha.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Aug. 11.—"Up Kanawhay," as the natives say, should be changed to "Up the beautiful Kanawhay" for if ever a river was beautiful the Kanawha is. If ever banks were green and tree crowned summits romantic, the banks and hills of the Kanawha are. And the people! Generous, warm hearted, hospitable—making a friend and brother out of the book agent, they creep into your heart of hearts and there abide forever.

I wish I could make you all feel the welcome which I feel when I visit any of the beautiful farms between Point Pleasant and Charleston. In that welcome I forget that the carriage I ride in is liable at any moment to lose a wheel, that nothing under the sun which shines there has ever been mended. Then, too, I do so love to watch the people come in from the hill country back of the river, the women trudging barefoot until behind some fence corner near the store where they wish to trade they put on the shoes worn only on such occasions. Many of them, poor souls, never have seen a town, many of them never hear a sermon unless some circuit rider, once in months, harangues them for an hour at the school house.

I remember seeing the spiritual adviser once of the entire region come tramping down the road in his shirt sleeves, with all his worldly wealth tied up in a red cotton handkerchief suspended from a cane over his shoulder.

The upper part of the valley has been famous in history as the residence of Daniel Boone and as a great salt producing region, and is famous today as the very home of coal. In spite of its great mineral wealth the valley is poor in cities—even in villages. Charleston is yet among the "to be's," but it has a future, from the very fact of its loneliness in the midst of a wonderfully rich area.

It has a situation, too, which ought to make it a Mecca for tourists. Surrounded by wood crowned hills, beautiful drives, and with the mountains in the distance and the river creeping lazily by, it is as charming as it can be. The beauty of the entire valley is in its trees. They are everywhere, making out of every level spot a grove and of every hill a small green mountain.

LOUISE MANETTE.

OFFICIAL LAUGHTER.

EMBRACED IN BRACKETS AND PRINTED IN THE RECORD.

In the House There Are Many Broad, Bold, Loud Laughs in a Day, but Senators Are Too Dignified to Do More Than Smile.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—Congressmen do laugh. "[Laughter]" and "[Great laughter]" are frequent entries in the pages of The Congressional Record. In the house there are fifty laughs—that is, official laughs, which go in The Record—to one in the senate. The grave and reverend senators find it beneath their dignity to laugh except on great provocation, and great provocations to laughter are rare in their body. Senators smile a good deal, but the official reporter would never dare bracket [smiles] in his report. In the house there are many laughs in a day—broad, bold, loud laughs. The official reporters, having the newspaper instinct, and desiring to enliven the dry and monotonous record, put them all in.

This has been a laughing congress. Never before have those bracketed words appeared so often. It is a congress of funny men—some desiring to be funny, some funny against their will. It is a congress that contains many peculiar members, who "blew in" with the cyclone of 1890. Many of them, who have purposely or intentionally amused us, will not come here again: more's the pity! For without its "[laughter]" and "[great laughter]" congress would be positively dreary. Or it is anyway.

Our last good laugh in the house was on Thursday, when Mr. Butler, of Iowa, a very bright man and ready to talk, made a peculiar slip. Being asked if he had not testified in a certain way before an investigating committee he replied, "Yes, but being under oath I had to tell the truth." The inference that Mr. Butler did not tell the truth except when under oath was so obvious that it was not necessary for any one to point it out. The house roared and the galleries shouted, and the familiar words "Great laughter" appeared in The Record next morning.

Our first good laugh was when Mr. Bentley poked fun at Representative Hainan, comparing him to Mrs. Squeers, who gathered the boys about her at Dotheboys hall and administered to them with a long spoon her medicines, brimstone and treacle, as a reformer, for the purpose of breaking down their appetites and saving provisions.

Between these first and last laughs we have had hundreds more.

Young Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, raised many a laugh while talking tariff. "My friend from Maine (Mr. Dingley) seriously says the tariff on wool has made more pounds of wool grow on the sheep's back." To a question which he interrupted Mr. Bryan said, "You are welcome to all the time you want if you will only talk in that way." Mr. Bryan told one of the best stories of the session. A white boy promised to a colored boy that they go rabbits or coon hunting. The colored boy was to furnish the dog and climb the tree, while the white boy was to do the "shooting." The colored boy accepted, and in the way they caught three coons. When they came to divide the white boy took them all. "What do I get?" asked the black boy. "You get the cabooses!"

Bryan likened the manufacturers who pretended not to want more tariff to the maiden lady who said to herself: "This is the third time my beau has called and he may make some demonstration if he does I have made up my mind to bear it with fortitude." Mr. Bryan satirized the river and harbor bill for proposing an improvement for the Platte river, in his state. "It has no commerce now," he said, "but that fact alone is sufficient evidence that it needs improving. If the present flow of water were confined in a stone wall thirty feet wide and twenty feet deep there would be sufficient water to carry on extensive commerce, and if necessary we could sink artesian wells to get more water at the west end of the river."

A colloquy in the house:

Mr. Moses—The masses throughout the country pay the enormous postal receipts returned by the cities. Who denies that?

Mr. Bingham—I do.

Mr. Moses—No sane man could deny it. [Laughter.]

Mr. Bingham—I deny it.

John Allen, of Mississippi, has been rather quiet this session. In discussing an election case he raised one good laugh by telling of a colored voter of his town who on every election day took up his stand near the polls and waited for whatever might turn up. One time he waited and waited in vain, and finally, becoming impatient, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I is about to vote! Does any gentleman wish to speak to me?"

Mr. Payne, of New York, talking tariff, was asked about wages in 1890. "Well, I have not studied the question of wages back to the time of the flood." Mr. Harter asked Mr. Payne if he might interrupt him. "Certainly," said Mr. Payne; "it rests me."

Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa, told of a bachelor of his acquaintance who knew everything and had a cheerful way of letting go of it. On another occasion Dolliver was closely pressed by Mr. Bynum for explanation of certain figures which the former had given. "I am a philosopher now," said Dolliver, "and do not care to go into details."

Mr. Turner, of Georgia, said very neatly, "The people would rather see—well, that respectable gentleman whom we name with reverence, because we do not know what may happen to us, than the tax-gatherer."

Mr. Kilgore, of Texas, raised a good many laughs during the winter. Once he was objecting to a war claim, when the friend of the bill said the item for 2,000 bushels of oats at five cents a bushel was a reasonable charge at that time. "I don't know," said Kilgore, "I did not feed on oats; I was in the foot cavalry." Kilgore gave a member permission to interrupt him if he would not make a speech. "I do not want your speech to go thundering down the ages with mine."

Mr. Bowers, of California, has made his share of fun. The house laughed at him when he discussed river and harbor appropriations, saying: "I have as many rivers and harbors in my district as these gentlemen from New York, Louisiana and Florida, who have been getting so much. I am in favor of reform—on their part. As I understand it, unless I can get a 'pull' on the committee I ain't in it, nor my district, either. Now, I want a show." On another occasion Mr. Bowers warned his Democratic friends that their policy of economy was a mistake. "You can't win with the hand you hold," he declared; "you have got to draw and fill, or you will be beaten."

The house laughed when the speaker tried to convince Mr. Pickler, of South Dakota, that he was not in order and should not speak. "The gentleman has not the floor," said the chairman. "Indeed I have," replied Pickler, "I am on the floor with my resolution."

The house often had occasion to laugh at Mr. Walker, of Massachusetts, for the hammer and tongs style of his arguments. In a tariff discussion some one quoted Senator Evarts on him, thinking such high Republican authority would silence him, Walker being also a Republican. But Walker was equal to the emergency. "Evarts!" he exclaimed contemptuously; "what does Evarts know about it?" He added that lawyers outside of the house were like lawyers in it—they knew all about law and everything else. Blaine was also quoted against him. "What do I care about James G. Blaine?" retorted Walker. Mr. Walker having spoken of some of the young members from Massachusetts as being "fresh, very fresh," and a point of order being raised against such language, ex-Speaker Reed remarked in his drollest way, "The point of order does not seem to be well taken in point of fact."

The house laughed till its sides ached at what was the best story and hit of the session, told by O'Ferrall, of Virginia, at the expense of Bourke Cockran. The latter had just made a speech in his usual splendid voice, but while so going very deeply into the merits of the question, when O'Ferrall said he was reminded of a man who was overtaken at night in a lonely road by a thunderstorm. He could see his way only by occasional flashes of lightning. Finally a terrific peal threw him to his knees, when he lifted up his arms and exclaimed, "Lord, if it is all the same to you, I'd like to have a little more light and not quite so much noise!"

Friday nights the house has a special session for the consideration of pension bills. Usually the attendance is very small, and the members go in for fun. The following is from The Record:

The Chairman—The gentleman from Texas will be recognized if he desires to proceed.

Mr. Kilgore—How much time would I be entitled to?

The Chairman—One hour.

[Mr. Kilgore remained standing and gesticulated as 'being' speaking, but without addressing the committee.]

Several Members—Louder. [Laughter.]

Mr. Bushnell—I rise to a point of order.

The Chairman—The gentleman will please state it.

Mr. Bushnell—We are unable to hear the gentleman. [Laughter.]

Mr. Crisp—I think the gentleman is to be congratulated there. [Laughter.]

Mr. Richardson—I move to strike the gentleman's remarks from the record. [Laughter.]

The Chairman—Does the gentleman from Texas desire to proceed?

Mr. Kilgore—I am proceeding. [Laughter.] I thought a gesticulating audience would sit in the house better than a speech. [Laughter.]

The Chairman—Under the rule the gentleman must address the chair.

Mr. Smith, of Illinois, is also a frequent at these evening sessions. His favorite peroration is, "Behold the orb of day." The following is from The Record:

Mr. Smith—Behold the orb of day. [Laughter.]

A Member—What day was it?

Mr. Smith—Behold the orb of day, warm! [Laughter and applause.]

Several Members—Get an umbrella!

Mr. Smith—Behold the orb of day, that rises gloriously, etc.

On another occasion Mr. Smith is thus reported in The Record:

I desire to say here that I have no sympathy with any one, addlehead or otherwise [great laughter and applause], who can say anything detrimental to the ladies of the American people. [Laughter and applause.] For, Mr. Chairman, in our hearts' embrace their faces shall ever be the fairest, and when they stand on the shady side of life's ragged hill, with the silvery of age thickening around them, with the bloom and lustre of youth remembered only as things of the past, with silvered threads among the locks which once were golden hued, many hearts, warm as those who wooed Lucy in the summer of life, still entwine around them and cheer their spirits as they take their flight to the embrace of those who, with shadowy hands, shall beckon them on to the future of their existence in the unseen world. Whenever my colleagues in this house may find it convenient or in accord with their feelings to say a word in detriment to the ladies and the mothers of the American people, they will always find me standing opposing such sentiments. [Laughter and applause.]

A palpable hit at the World's fair people was that made by Mr. Moses, of Georgia. An appropriation of a few thousand dollars for medals was pending and Mr. Moses wanted it defeated, because it might be a precedent for larger appropriations later in the session. Then he told the story of the little boy who had the fight with the gander and got the worst of it. Next morning his mother saw him knocking off the heads of the goslings and asked him, "Why, Johnny, what are you doing that for?" "Because they grow up to be ganders," he replied.

WALTER WELLMAN.

The Basis of Fish Stories.

The enthusiastic disciples of Izaak Walton doubtless base their wonderful stories upon their knowledge of the fact that every square mile of the sea contains 120,000,000 fish of various kinds.

Ether's Remarkable Energy.

Ether exists [illegible] than a veteran lightning rod agent. It has been computed by competent authorities that in a single cubic foot of ether there are locked up 10,000 feet of energy.

How "Guineas" Were Named.

It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that guineas were so named from the fact that they were first coined with gold brought from the coast of Guinea.

A YOUTHFUL CANDIDATE.

Daniel W. Lawler, Gubernatorial Nominee of the Minnesota Democrats.

The Democrats of Minnesota have nominated as their candidate for governor Daniel W. Lawler, corporation counsel of the city of St. Paul, to which post he was elected by the unanimous vote of both Democratic and Republican members of the council.

Mr. Lawler is an excellent stump speaker, and as he can "orate" equally well in English or German his services have been in great demand by his party in the political campaigns of recent years. There is probably little fear of contradiction when it is asserted that Mr. Lawler is the youngest man who is at present a candidate for gubernatorial honors. He was born about thirty-two years ago in Prairie du Chien, Wis. He comes naturally by his predilection for politics, inasmuch as his father, General Lawler, was for many years one of the best known of the many Democratic campaigners of Wisconsin.

D. W. LAWLER.

Daniel W. Lawler's alma mater is the Georgetown (D. C.) college, from which he received the degree of A. B. when he was graduated in 1881, and which further honored him in 1887 with the degree of A. M. Mr. Lawler graduated with high honors from Georgetown college, and shortly afterward entered the law school of Yale university, where he made even a brighter record for himself. The Betts prize for scholarship, along with the degree of LL. B., went to him in 1883, although his class was one of the brightest in the Yale law school has ever had. The Townsend prize for the master's oration is one of the most highly coveted trophies and many were the students who strove for it. The winner was Mr. Lawler, who was further honored with the degree of M. D. in 1884.

Mr. Lawler then went west, but concluding not to return to his old home in Wisconsin finally determined to locate in St. Paul. He speedily built up a lucrative law practice, and in 1886 he formed the law firm which still exists under the title of Lawler, Durment & Bigelow. The same year he was appointed assistant United States district attorney, and he also made 1886 memorable for himself by marrying Miss Elizabeth O'Leary, of St. Paul. Two children have been born to them. Mr. Lawler only held the assistant United States district attorneyship two years, when he resigned it to devote his entire attention to his law practice. He has held no office since, except that of corporation counsel of St. Paul, to which, as already mentioned, he was enormously elected last year.

A Mantel Six Thousand Years Old.

It is seldom that wood, which was grown more than 4,000 years before the Christian era, is used in the construction of a present day residence, and yet this really happened recently in Edinburgh, Scotland, where a mantel was fashioned from wood said to be 6,000 years old. The wood, an oak tree, was found in a sand pit at Musselburgh, thirteen feet below the surface. Professor Geikie, of the geology chair of the University of Edinburgh, after personally examining the strata in which the oak was found, said the tree, which was 5 feet 9 inches in diameter, must be at least 6,000 years old, and describes it as a relic of neolithic man. It was in a fine state of preservation, due to the sand, and was easily workable.

The Widow of M. Very.

Americans as a rule do not realize the extent to which the people of France have been terrorized by the Parisian anarchists. Mme. Very, the widow of the Paris restaurant keeper who was killed by friends of Ravachol in retaliation for his part in Ravachol's arrest, has been appointed to one of the best of the boulevard newspaper kiosques. She fears to tend the kiosque in person, but will get $1.40 a day for it after paying another for doing the work.

Nebraska's Republican Leader.

The Republicans of Nebraska, after the most heated contest ever held in their state conventions, named as their candidate for governor Hon. Lorenzo Crounse, formerly congressman and recently appointed assistant secretary of the treasury in place of Mr. Batcheller, who was made minister to Portugal.

LORENZO CROUNSE.

Mr. Crounse was born in Schoharie county, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1834. He received an academic education, studied law and in 1855 commenced to practice in Montgomery county. At the outbreak of the civil war he organized a battery and entered the service as captain of artillery. In 1865 he removed to Nebraska, was elected a member of the territorial legislature the next year and assisted in forming the present state constitution. In 1867 he became associate justice of the state supreme court, and later was a member of the Forty-third and Forty-fourth congresses. Last April he was appointed assistant secretary of the treasury by Secretary Foster.

Allies of Crime.

In the month of June some thousands of young lawyers were graduated in the various law schools of the country. Nearly all of them began to practice in some shape at once.

Just before the time for the graduation proceedings at the schools the court of appeal of New York state was pronouncing a decision which should have been read carefully by all these young lawyers, and by their older brethren as well.

The decision was in the case of a murderer who had been convicted two years before and condemned to death. The case had been twice brought before the supreme court of the United States, and three times before the court of appeal of the state of New York.

The court of appeal, as the result of this third resort to it in the case of a man long before condemned to death, denied the motion for a rehearing, and rebuked the means which had been used to prevent the original sentence from being carried out.

The court declared that when every opportunity had been given to an accused person to make his defense, and his conviction had been confirmed by the highest court, the contest should be at an end. The forms of law should not be used to subvert the law.

"It ought to be a subject of inquiry," the court said, "whether attorneys and counselors by vexatious proceedings can become the allies of the criminal classes and the foes of organized society without exposing themselves to the disciplinary powers of the supreme court."

It is hoped that this warning will not be lost upon lawyers to whom the chief use of the law is to defeat the law.—Youth's Companion.

The End of a Sharpshooter.

"The best rifle shot I ever saw was an east Tennessean who acted as scout for the Army of the Cumberland," said Major R. B. Bace. "His name was Brownlow, but whether he was a relative of the fighting parson of that name I do not know. Brownlow was a tall, lank specimen of humanity and looked like a typical frontiersman. He wore a coonskin cap and carried a rifle a foot longer than himself, with which he could put half an ounce of lead squarely between a man's eyes at a distance of nearly half a mile. He fought for sheer love of it, was always hunting for victims and used to boast that he averaged a dozen dead Confederates a week. He hung on the enemy's picket lines night and day, and when 'Old Tom,' as he called his lingering eternity of a gun, cracked there was certain to be a death.

"One day during a sharp skirmish Brownlow ensconced himself in a big cottonwood tree, and was dropping Confederates as fast as he could feed pullers to 'Old Tom,' when a Mississippi sharpshooter made a sneak for another tall cottonwood about 600 yards distant. The Tennessean spied him; there were two puffs of smoke from among the green leaves and the two killers came down head first, with their long deer rifles rattling after them."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Helped Out Wales.

"I once prevented the Prince of Wales getting ingloriously thrashed by a plebeian New York barkeeper," said Richard Bellinger, a retired New York merchant. "When the prince visited America he was a very wild young man, and he had no difficulty in finding plenty of young swells on this side who could go his gait. One night the prince and a party of bloods started out to see the elephant, and the spectacle made them pretty dizzy. They got separated, and the heir to Britain's throne wandered, unattended, into a down town resort and proceeded to make things pretty lively. The bartender started in to squelch him, and would have done so effectually and I not taken charge of the roisterer and piloted him back to his party."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Telegraphers.

I notice that the papers are very loud in their praise of the admirable service rendered during the late conventions by the United Press, a very deserving thing to do, but we think you have overlooked speaking a word of praise to those hard working and faithful servants of the public, namely, the telegraph operators, by whose skill it was sent and received, whose skill went far in permitting the papers to so quickly set the news before their readers. True enough, the telegraph operator is little thought of and seldom mentioned. Still, we think they are a very important instrument in the progress of our country and would like to be encouraged.—An Old Operator in New York Sun.

Locomotives in a Tug-of-War.

Owing to a dispute as to who should use the switch first, the crews of two trains that met at the Third street crossing of the North Penn railroad instituted a novel pushing match Monday which may cost them their situations. Both engines were shifters and each had about a dozen cars attached. They met with a slight bump at the switch, and after an exchange of warm words each opened his throttle intending to push the other back. Both the engines snorted and puffed, while sparks flew from their rapidly revolving wheels. For several minutes neither budged an inch. Finally the cowcatcher was forced to give way.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

An Electric Lineman Killed.

An electric light went out on the top of a high pole on Molson's wharf, below the Canadian Pacific elevators. A lineman, John Gray by name, was sent to remedy the trouble. He ascended the pole, fifty feet in height, and swung the lamp around so that it would come within his reach. Then he started to fix it. The men at the moment the few people watching saw him in the semidarkness saw him lean over and fall to the ground below, striking upon his head. The Notre Dame ambulance was called, but the man was dead before it reached him.—Montreal Gazette.